

## LYING IN STATE

### Body of Bishop Viewed By Hundreds

### REPOSING IN MASSIVE CASKET OF METAL

### Arrangements For Funeral Services Are Now Being Made

### UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RT. REV. MGR. EUGENE W. O'CALLAGHAN

Hundreds of people viewed the body of Bishop John B. Delany as it reposed in state on Tuesday in the parlor of the episcopal residence on Lowell street, Manchester. The body was dressed in the robes of the Bishop's office and in the casket were the staff and mitre.

The casket is a massive one of metal and weighs 800 pounds.

This (Wednesday) forenoon, the public was again admitted to the episcopal residence. This afternoon, the body will be removed to the cathedral, where it will remain until after the funeral services on Thursday. It will then be placed in the crypt beside the body of Bishop Bradley.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Eugene M. O'Callaghan is directing the arrangements for the funeral.

Coadjutor Archbishop William H. O'Connell will celebrate the pontifical mass, assisted by Mgr. O'Callaghan. Other priests who will assist in the services are named below:

Deacons of Honor, Rev. Michael Ronan of Lowell, Mass., and Rev. Joseph B. Millette, P. R., of Nashua; deacon of the mass, Rev. Joseph Anderson of St. Cecelia's Church, Boston; Sub-Deacon of the Mass, Rev. J. A. Degan of Boston; Thurifer, Rev. Fr. William O. S. B. of St. Anselm's College; Acolytes, Rev. Walter Dee of Lincoln and Rev. Thomas Loughlin of Keene; preacher, Rev. John T. Mullen, rector of the Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston; presiding at the office of the dead, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Pierre Hevey, pastor of St. Mary's Church, McGregorville; chanters, Rev. I. H. C. Davignon and Rev. John J. Lyons, P. R., of St. Anne's Church; masters of ceremonies, Rev. James H. Brennan and Rev. John A. Casey of the cathedral. Mass will be sung by a choir composed of members of the clergy.

Col. William Sullivan of the First Infantry, N. H. N. G., will command the guard of honor.

## KITTERY LETTER

### Newsy Items From Across The River

### STREAM CROWDED WITH GASOLINE BOATS

### Various Social and Personal Para- graphs of Interest

### GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 13. The pretty stream behind the navy yard, otherwise known as Crooked Lane, was fairly alive with gasoline boats on Tuesday evening and there were many exciting contests of speed between the little flyers.

The busy Izzy engines have proved a great success and the boats in which they are installed show their

heels to a good many. In fact one enthusiastic passenger affirmed that the boat in which he was went around in a circle so fast that he could look over the stern and see the bow coming.

The Ladies' Social Circle will meet on Thursday afternoon in the vestry of the Second Christian Church.

The Rebekahs will hold a memorial service on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

A regular meeting of Piscataqua Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will be held this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

A regular meeting of Whipple Lodge of Good Templars will be held this evening at Grange Hall.

An assembly under the direction of the Algonquin Club will be held at Wentworth Hall this evening.

The burial services over the body of Wallace Stanley Jackson were held from his late home at Kittery Depot on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

A practice game will be played on Kittery Field at six o'clock tonight between Company B of Portsmouth and the Kittery baseball teams. No admission will be charged.

Manning Emery and family of Cambridge, Mass., have arrived to occupy their cottage at The Intervene for the Summer.

James Berry is passing a few days in Boston.

Regular meetings of the Knights of Pythias and Red Men were held on Tuesday evening.

Octavus Bailey Libby and family of New York will arrive this week to occupy their cottage at The Intervene for the Summer.

Mrs. Hayford of Minneapolis, Minn., will arrive this week to occupy her cottage the "Gopher's Nest" at Locke's Cove for the Summer.

Summer visitors could pass a warm day to no better advantage than by "looping the loop" on the Atlantic Shore line, taking the shore route to York Beach and coming back by way of Rosemary. A railway through a more beautiful country does not exist.

The automobile craze has not taken hold like the gasoline boat craze; if it had, one's life would not be safe on the street.

The many friends of Solomon Stevenson are glad to see him out after his long illness.

William Dennett arrived here on Tuesday to pass the vacation from his studies at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dennett of Echo street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bickford of Portland passed Monday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Bickford of Pleasant street.

Miss Marion Otis of Malden, Mass., is the guest of her grandfather, Carpenter N. H. Jenkins, U. S. N., retired, of Otis avenue.

Miss Hulda Crow and Miss Martha Froh of Cleveland, O., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Froh of Love lane.

People should patronize the benefit and entertainment which will be given by the senior class of Traip Academy on Friday evening, June 16.

#### Kittery Point

Mrs. Belle Baker is confined to her home by illness.

Misses Delia and Lina Cotton of Norwalk, O., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hobbs at Gerrish Island.

William Hickman passed Tuesday in Dover.

Miss Anna Decatur has returned from boarding school at Milton, Mass., and will pass the Summer vacation with her parents here.

The British schooner V. T. H., of Bear River, N. S., laden with piling and cord wood, was wrecked at Sea Point, Gerrish Island, three years ago today.

The sloop yacht Kotie, owned by Dr. E. K. Dunham of New York, is at anchor in the harbor.

There is every indication that both the Champowne and Parkfield Hotels will be filled to overflowing this Summer, as well as all cottages.

Mrs. Robert Billings is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.

Barge Fanny M. was towed up Chauncy's Creek this morning for another load of cord wood for the Fiske Brick Company of Dover Point.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Free Will Baptist Church will meet this evening with Mrs. Martin Williams.

## CLASS PROPHECY

### Of The Portsmouth High School Seniors

### WRITER GIVEN GLIMPSE IN- TO THE FUTURE

### Goes Forward A Decade and Meets His Old Friends

### IN MANY UNEXPECTED PLACES, HOLDING VARIOUS POSITIONS IN LIFE

Following is the prophecy for the class of 1906, Portsmouth High School:

As I sat by the fireside reading my evening paper, my eyes glanced at the date, June 21, 1916. There seemed to be something in this date which caused me to pause and think. Suddenly a gleam of light flashed through my mind; it was just ten years ago that the class of 1906 received their well-earned diplomas. While the memories of those old school days at the Portsmouth High were fresh in my mind, I became drowsy.

I seemed to hear strains of distant music, which grew louder and louder. Suddenly my eyes were feasting on a grand and beautiful sight; it was an orchestra arranged amid flowers and palms, rendering selections from Wagner. A man of medium height and built stood before them, frantically swinging his arms. Selection after selection was played, encoored, and after what seemed a short time the performance ended. As I was passing out of the hall, I inquired of one who was walking beside me if he could tell me the name of that orchestra. He informed me that it was Prof. Charles Tucker's and that his orchestra had earned a world wide reputation. I proceeded to the stage entrance where I found our old class president. He greeted me very cordially and after reviewing some of our old school day incidents, we went to the hotel.

Upon our arrival at the Waldorf Astoria, we again talked of our old school days. The clerk in the office became deeply interested in our conversation and coming forward passed us his card. He was Samuel Whidden, another of our old classmates. Sammy entertained us royally for the rest of the evening and we retired at a late hour.

In the morning, I took leave of my old friends and proceeded to the station, where I boarded a train for Philadelphia, which was crowded so that I was forced to get permission from a beautiful young lady to share a seat with her. After riding a short distance, we became friendly, exchanged cards, and much to my surprise this beautiful young lady was Miss Viva Perkins, who informed me that she was a special teacher in a girl's school at Philadelphia. Upon our arrival at the capital of Penn's Woods, we parted.

While passing through the station, my attention was attracted by a huge locomotive, so I walked up to it and spoke to the engineer. While we were talking he told me his name was Ham and that he was from Portsmouth. The name and place sounded natural and on further inquiry I discovered that it was Horace Ham, the old '06 boy, who was always making locomotives and railroad accidents the subject of his English themes.

Ham informed me that if I were to go just out of the city proper, to the University of Pennsylvania, I would find another one of my classmates, Garland. This was glad news and I proceeded to the university immediately. I was escorted to an office and told that the professor would be there shortly. After a wait of a few minutes, a stern and sober faced man entered. I found that our old comrade was now Prof. Harold E. Garland, A. B., Ph. D., L. L. D., D. C. I. After a lengthy interview I left the professor and went into the city.

Late the next afternoon I was strolling through the park when I

came upon a maid who seemed to be having her troubles with a youngster of about three months. I stopped and spoke to the baby, but as I did the nurse interfered, saying that her friend, Mike the policeman, would arrest me if I touched the baby. When I apologized to the fair maid for interrupting she brandished her fist in my face and told me to vanish and I did. As I was retreating, I asked a park urchin who that nurse was. "Mabel Small, of course," he replied. Well, I concluded that I didn't want to renew hostilities with Mabel, so I went my way.

That evening I went to the theatre and heard Miss Stevens, assisted by Mr. Lane, render a very pleasing vocal program. Addie's voice had greatly improved since I last heard it in that brick church choir in old Portsmouth.

As I was leaving the theatre, George Woods greeted me with a smile of welcome. George was very anxious that I should visit him while I was in Philadelphia and meet Mrs. Woods and the children. I agreed to dine with him the next day. At the appointed hour I was cordially greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Woods and their beautiful children and I can assure you, classmates, that I was royally entertained by the Woods family.

The next night I found myself comfortably situated in a Pullman, speeding towards Washington, D. C. Upon my arrival at the capital I registered at the Ebbitt House, planning to enjoy the remainder of the day in quiet, when a bellboy brought me a card inscribed, Capt. Louis Wasson, U. S. N. I acknowledged the same and told the bellboy to show him to my apartments.

Louis had recognized my name on the register and was kind enough to call. He was then chief aid to the president and he informed me that he was the happiest man in the country. When I asked him to explain he said: "I have won the greatest victory of my career so far. I have defeated suitors from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and tomorrow I shall start for the little village of Newington, N. H., to bring Miss Edith Badger back as my wife." I congratulated Louis and he departed with my best wishes for the future.

The next morning I went out and saw Congress in session. I was informed by a man who sat next to me that on this special morning Representative Richards of New Hampshire was to present a bill on woman's rights. This was interesting information, but it was hard for me to understand how Maurice could sympathize with the women. In fact the girls at school nicknamed him "Stoneheart."

As in past class meetings, Maurice found a great deal of opposition, and finding it an interesting session, I left the hall to view other points of interest about Washington.

I went to the mint next and was guided around by an old veteran who showed and explained the whole system to me. In passing through the counting division I saw the faces of some more of my classmates, Misses Elizabeth Rand, Alice Hett and Mattie Horner. They were busy counting newly made bills, and as the rules do not permit employees to converse with visitors, I was forced to pass them by.

After leaving the mint, I proceeded to the White House, to see what I could of that. As I drew near the entrance I recognized the mounted officer. It was Ernest Grover, the youth who furnished a vast amount of amusement for his classmates in by-gone school days. We were glad to see each other, but owing to the approach of a sergeant he was forced to move on.

As I passed down through the business section my attention was called to a magnificent display of photographs of the President and his family, above which the following sign was prominently displayed, "Henry Gerrish, official photographer to the White House." I went into the studio and was recognized at once by Gerrish and shown through the galleries. It was one of the best equipped photographic studios that I had ever seen. We recalled our good times in the High School at Portsmouth, and I was enjoying myself immensely when a customer entered, but it was someone more than a customer, it was Miss Evelyn Drake.

Evelyn had not changed any except in height and her ways were more pleasing than ever. "Chuck" informed us that she was a school teacher there in Washington. Knowing the next afternoon I was

(Continued on fourth page)

## COMPANY SELLS

### Land and Buildings Near Machine Shop

### FOR WHICH IT WILL HAVE NO USE

### Samuel Katz And August Hett Are Among The Purchasers

### RUMOR OF BUILDING OF A JEWISH CHURCH IS DENIED

The Eastern Forge Company has commenced to dispose of land that it does not really need lately purchased with the old machine shop building.

On Tuesday, Supt. Lovell was here and made a sale of the dwelling known as the Bell house and occupied by Samuel Katz, also the land facing this house on Hanover street, a large vacant lot at the east end of the main building.

The property was put into the hands of Samuel Katz for the low price of \$3500.

The old foundry building at the west end of the machine shop, occupied by Carl Brothers as a stable, was sold to August Hett, who will remove it to a lot on Union street.

A rumor was in circulation after the purchase of the property by Mr. Katz that the lot would be used by the Hebrew population for the building of a church. A Herald reporter called on several of the prominent people of the Jewish faith this (Wednesday) morning and they are in a position to deny the rumor, stating that the Jewish people are not ready to undertake such a thing. They do need a house of worship very badly, but will wait some years before starting to build one.

### RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP DELANY

The following resolutions on the death of Bishop Delany were passed by Division 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, on Tuesday evening, June 12.

Resolved, That in the death of Right Reverend John B. Delany of our diocese the Catholic Church of the state has suffered the loss of a faithful servant to his Divine Master. As an Irishman, he always responded to the calls of his motherland and was never known to fall her in the hours of need. As an American, he was ever faithful to the Stars and Stripes and he brought ungrudgingly to the service of both the many noble traits of mind and heart with which Heaven had endowed him.

He was an eloquent orator, a clear thinker and an able writer while the whole work of his life was prompted by a sound mind, a generous heart and a spirit of tolerance that was world wide in its scope and forbearance.

Resolved, That we assembled tender our deep-felt sorrow and most profound sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be spread on our records and published in the local papers.

JOHN LEAHY,  
DENNIS J. LEAHY,  
TIMOTHY DONOVAN,  
EDMUND QUINN,  
MICHAEL AHEARN,  
Committee.

### STATION YARD TO BE DRAINED

Water in the yard of the Dover Point station has for some years caused the Boston and Maine railroad considerable trouble. The yard is now to be drained and catch basins will be placed in position by J. Groton.

### HAS LAKE SUNAPEE CONTRACT

Fred A. Gray took a force of men to Lake Sunapee on Tuesday, where he has a contract to paint a hotel and several other buildings.

## Geo. B. French Co

## THREE DAYS' SPECIAL SALE

Notice the Money Saving Prices on the  
Various Lots.

1.37 Linen Napkins, fine patterns, good size, per dozen 1.25.

25c Real Persian Lawn for Waists and Dresses for 19c.

79c Roger and Gallet. Lo Trefle Perfumes, per oz. 45c.

50c Silk Belts at Half Price. 25c.

50c Habutai Silks. in latest gray shades, 39c.

25c Almond Cream, per bottle 15c.

10c Packages of Toilet Paper 6c.

6c Shirting and Apron Prints 5c.

8c Linen Crash, in Brown only, 5c.

30c Wide Unbleached Sheet-ing, heavy, 90 inch, 25c.

5c Acrel Face Cloths, none better, special price 4c.

55c Pure Linen Table Damask, 64 inches wide and floral patterns, 49c.

25c White Waists. varied lot of 12 different patterns, 19c.

10c Hook On Supporters, very handy, 7c.

5c Pearl Buttons reduced to Half. 2 dozen for 5c.

50c Fancy Silks, select for for Waists, 39c.

25c Children's Hosiery, warranted good wear, 19c.

37 1-2c Vests, the Jersey Ribbed, for 25c.

12 1-2c Dress Gingham, choice patterns, 8c.

6 1-4c Checked Gingham, good wear, 5c.

7c Fine Sheetting in yard wide unbleached, 5 3-4c.

6c Shelf Enamel, the best made, 4c.

12 1-2c Bath Towels, the genuine Turkish make, 11c.

5c Snap Fasteners, per dozen 3c.

10c Black Pin Cubes, each at 7c.

1.00 Silkolene Covered Folding Screens 89c.

25c Men's Handkerchiefs, with initial, 19c.

12 1-2c Plain Black Hosiery for Ladies, 10c.

37 1-2c Jersey Ribbed Lisle Drawers, 25c.

10c Dress Muslins, fine colorings, 8c.

23c Unbleached Sheetting, 81 inches wide, 20c.

15c Germantown Yarns, odd skeins for clearance sale, 10c.

10c Yard Wide Percales, best of wear, 7c.

## Geo. B. French Co



## FOUND GUILTY

### Verdict Against Packers On Tuesday

### WAS RETURNED BY THE KANSAS CITY JURY

After A Deliberation Which Continued  
For But Sixty Minutes

ACCEPTANCE OF RAILWAY CONCESSIONS  
FROM C., B. AND Q. WAS CHARGE

Kansas City, June 12.—Armour and Company, Swift and Company, Cudahy and Company and the Nelson Morris Packing Company were found guilty in the United States district court here this morning of accepting concessions from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad on export shipments on packing house products.

The case was given to the jury at 10.40. The verdict was returned at 11.40.

Judge Smith McPherson of Red Oak, Ia., the presiding judge, stated that sentence would not be pronounced until the case against the Burlington railroad, which is charged with granting the concession to the packers, is concluded.

The Burlington's trial will begin this afternoon.

The law in the present case provides for a fine only and not a jail sentence.

The cases were consolidated for trial purposes. The specific case considered, which is practically identical with the others, is that charging Cudahy and Company, with accepting a rate of twenty-three cents to Germany when the legal tariff then on file with the interstate commerce commission was thirty-five cents.

The trial began last week, and after lengthy argument was continued until this morning, when Judge Smith McPherson of Red Oak county, the presiding judge, instructed the jury.

The present case bears unusual importance in the list of rebate trials to come up in this court, for it is the first time that any concern has been brought to trial before a jury on a charge affecting export rates as applied to the interstate commerce act. Judge McPherson's instructions to the jury covered the points fully.

#### TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

New York, June 12.—The sub-treasury today transferred \$1,750,000 to San Francisco for account of the treasury of the Philippine government.

Lynn, Mass., June 12.—James Donovan, an unmarried marble worker, thirty-eight years of age was found in a shed behind his house early today nearly insensible and quite speechless from a knife wound in the throat. At the hospital Donovan recovered sufficiently to write a statement.

### Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

How To Find It. Fill a bottle or container with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then add a few drops of the medicine. If it turns yellow, you have kidney trouble. If it turns red, you have bladder trouble. If it turns blue, you have liver trouble. If it turns green, you have stomach trouble. If it turns black, you have heart trouble. If it turns white, you have lung trouble. If it turns purple, you have spleen trouble. If it turns brown, you have pancreas trouble. If it turns pink, you have gallbladder trouble. If it turns grey, you have adrenal trouble. If it turns orange, you have thyroid trouble. If it turns light green, you have pituitary trouble. If it turns light blue, you have pineal trouble. If it turns light red, you have thymus trouble. If it turns light yellow, you have spleen trouble. If it turns light green, you have pancreas trouble. If it turns light blue, you have gallbladder trouble. If it turns light pink, you have adrenal trouble. If it turns light grey, you have thyroid trouble. If it turns light orange, you have pituitary trouble. If it turns light brown, you have pineal trouble. If it turns light white, you have thymus trouble.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder, and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When home of Swamp-Root writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

## OWES LIFE TO DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

At 71 Years of Age, Vigorous and Strong, Mr. Philip Zimmer, of Keuka, N. Y., Writes He Owe His Life to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.



PHILIP ZIMMER

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is an absolutely pure, gentle and invigorating stimulant and tonic, builds up the nerve tissues, tones up the heart, gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It brings into action all the vital forces; it makes digestion perfect, and enables you to get from the food you eat all the nourishment it contains. It is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It strengthens and sustains the system; is a promoter of good health and longevity; makes the old young and keeps the young strong.

Sold by all druggists and grocers, or direct, in sealed bottles only, never in bulk. Price \$1.00. See that the strap over the cork is unbroken and look for the "Old Chemist" trademark on the label. Refuse all substitutes, as they are positively injurious to the health. Booklet and medical advice free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Zimmer was given up to die by family and friends, and his days numbered, when he began to use Duffy's Malt Whiskey. He deems it his duty to publish his remarkable cure to the world. He says:

"I am in my 71st year and am hale and hearty. Some ten years ago, when chronic lung trouble threatened to overcome me, my family felt that my days were numbered. I began to use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey according to directions and went through a course of training. In one year I was completely cured. I consider it the duty of a sufferer who has been cured by Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey to publish the fact to the world."—Philip Zimmer, Keuka, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1905.

ment claiming to have been the victim of an assault by two men late last night but from the presence of a small pocket knife in the shed with one blade open the police believe that the wounded man attempted suicide.

Orono, June 12.—The cornerstone exercises for the new Carnegie library building which will cost \$50,000 when completed, were held today in front of the building as a part of the commencement week program at University of Maine. The exercises consisted of remarks by Henry Lord of Bangor, president of the board of trustees, an address by W. W. Stetson of Auburn, state superintendent of public instruction, and a brief statement by President Fellows of the university.

Dover, Del., June 12.—The Delaware legislature at noon today, elected Colonel Henry A. Dupont, United States senator, for the constitutional term begun March 3, 1905. His election was practically unanimous as the Democratic members voted blanks and all the Republican members save one voted for Col. Dupont. The exception was State Senator Thomas V. C. Moore of Kent county who voted for J. Edward Addicks.

Norfolk, Va., June 12.—A riot call was sounded here this afternoon for the quick assemblage of 200 militiamen of the 71st Virginia regiment to proceed at once to protect William Lee, a negro, now in jail at that place charged with criminal assault on Mrs. Robert Barnes and her cousin, Miss Howell, near Kingston, in Somerset county, on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Portland Me., June 12.—The military maneuvers which began yesterday at Forts Preble and Williams were continued today with the forces at the two forts arrayed in supposed battle. Colonel William Stuart, U. S. A., is commanding Fort Williams and Major W. C. Rafferty in command of the Fort Preble force.

Operations began at 8 a. m. today and will continue twenty-four hours. The line of operations is a series of attacks upon each fort and to win the attacking force must equal or outnumber the men attacked. The senior officer is supreme. The attacking party is required to penetrate within 100 yards of the opposing force. During the forenoon a platoon from Fort Preble made a dash on the front of Fort Williams and was repulsed by the fire company. Fort Preble forces also made a dash on the front of Fort Williams and southwest boundaries of Fort Williams, but were repulsed.

Ossining, N. Y., June 12.—Albert T. Patrick, the lawyer, whose appeal for a new trial on the charge of murdering Wm. Marsh Rice, was denied yesterday, suggested to Warden Johnson, of the state prison today, that the warden defer arrangements for Patrick's execution next week. Patrick, who did not seem to be despondent, notified the warden that he was preparing an application to the United States circuit court for a writ of error and that this would probably stay the execution. Warden Johnson, however, informed Patrick that he could continue his arrangements unless stopped by order of the court.

#### SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAYS BEGUN

The City Shoe Company commenced its Saturday half holiday last week the same to continue through the summer.

#### THE "WANT-AD"

A Philadelphia Paper Comments On Its Usefulness

"Did it ever strike you what a wonderful thing the 'Want-Ad' has become in every day life in this bustling, hustling generation? When the stranger comes to the city and wants a servant she uses the classified columns of the newspaper. When the stranger comes to the city and wants a board and a room he either looks for the same in the classified columns of the newspaper, or puts an advertisement telling his 'want' under the comprehensive heading of 'Room Wanted,' at a cost of perhaps ten or fifteen cents. In a day or two he gets enough replies to make a suitable selection, and thus a small 'Want ad' answers its meaning, viz. 'Want.'"

"In other words, if you really want something, whether it be to sell anything, buy anything, invest your money in a 'Business Opportunity' or someone to invest money in your business; if you want to get rid of some old machinery; if you are looking for an 'Agent'—in fact, you can accomplish almost anything through that modern wizard, the 'Want-Ad.'"

"Did you ever stop to read a dozen or so different 'Want-Ads' of a newspaper? Try it some time, why not today, and you will be surprised what a diversity of things, large and small are being advertised nowadays. It will doubtless afford you some amusement too, for every now and then you will come across advertisement that are worded in English as she speaks, because notwithstanding the fact that the proofreader is very attentive and keeps his eyes wide open, an advertisement will occasionally slip into the paper telling you of a piano offered for sale by a lady with mahogany legs."

"The classified habit is a good one to cultivate, for by watching the small 'Want-Ads' in the newspapers, one is likely to come across the opportunity of his lifetime."

"Try it today."—Philadelphia Record.

#### STOPS HAY FEVER AND ASTHMA ATTACKS

The Latest Discovery in Drugs Completely Conquers Asthma and Hay Fever

New York, June 12.—An innovation has recently been made in this country that entirely supersedes the time-worn practice of using "smokes" and other inhalations for the treatment of asthma and hay fever.

This wonderful innovation is an Austrian drug called Asatoco, which is taken in seven drop doses. Asatoco permanently cures the worst cases of asthma and will prevent hay fever in any climate. The treatment is taken six weeks in advance of the attack. By special arrangement a test treatment can be obtained by mail free of any cost, by writing to the Austrian dispensary, 32 West 25th Street, New York City.

#### ROYAL ARCANUM MEMBERS

Limbering Up For Big Game With Major Waldron Council

The Royal Arcanum members are trying out their players for the big game with Major Waldron Council at Somersworth next Tuesday. The practice is being held at The Plains at 6.30 o'clock every evening, and is said to be well worth witnessing.

This is the anniversary of the repeal of the fugitive slave law in 1864.

## TO ISSUE MORE STOCK

Boston And Maine To Sell 42,037 New Shares

Boston, June 12.—The state railroad commissioners today authorized the Boston and Maine railroad to issue 42,037 shares of new common stock at \$165 a share, to be offered to stockholders late in July for subscription on the basis of one new share for each five shares now held.

The new issue is for the purpose of raising funds to meet the expense of six thousand freight cars at a cost of \$5,000,000, for laying second track at an estimated cost of \$1,100,000, new shops and separation of grade crossings which will cost, it is expected, considerably over a million and a half dollars.

#### PASSING OF THE INDIAN

Red Man Fast Disappearing From His Hunting Grounds

Slowly but surely the remnants of the great Indian tribes are dwindling, and it will not be long before the last of the original American race has passed beyond the divide to eternity's reservation. Every one be he soldier or civilian, will admit that there are, and have been good and had red men, and that the majority including the so-called blood-thirsty Apache and Sioux are loyal and true to the traditions of the wigwam councils and that they have seldom violated the covenants imposed with the smoking of the pipe of peace.

Col. Frederic T. Cummins, the renowned Indian fighter and scout, who is coming this week with his great Wild West show and Indian congress, says that there is no subtler race on the face of the earth than the Indian and none more jealous of its rights.

To the uncivilized Indian at least the day of shadows cometh quickly, when it will be said of him, "he was." The end of the buffalo was typical of his own and he will soon follow it to the happy hunting ground and become but a tradition to another generation. The congress in which he will appear this week is the last representative gathering of his race. Not only is he racially the greatest and most interesting of all living curiosities, but in Cummins' Indian Congress he is really for the first time collectively presented under conditions which do him justice: not merely reflecting, but heroically, vividly, accurately and minutely incarnating his life, as the noblest of all savages and disapplying the cloud of ignorance and prejudice in which his many virtues have been so long and unjustly obscured. Bishop Whipple says:

"The Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on earth" and the truth of the great churchman's statement is all the more logical when it is remembered that the Indian recognizes a Great Spirit and believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker; he is brave and fearless, and until betrayed he is true to his pledged word. He has a passionate love for his children and counts it a joy to die for his people. Fifty-one tribes will be represented in the Cummins Wild West by over 500 Indians which appear by permission of the United States government. He will be seen manufacturing the famous paragon blankets of brilliant hues, silver work, specimens of basket, pottery and bead work and other material for the formation of genuine Indian curio collections now a reigning fad. Essentially all the so-called "Wild West" exhibitions have been merely shows; this Indian Congress and Wild West, while abundantly offering all the stimulating and thrilling fascination to be found in bandied and individual prowess, martial experience and display, splendid horse-manship and the most alert, dashing and supple athletic skill, is so much nobler, better and more useful in its character and objects, as to have received the notable and evinced recognition and sanction of the United States government, which has entrusted these its wards to the care of Colonel Cummins."

The following tribes will be represented: Ogallala, Sioux, Sante, Sioux, Brule Sioux, Yanktonia Sioux, Sisseton Sioux, Lakapapa Sioux, Teton Sioux, Wapeton Sioux, Mandawakan Sioux, Blackfeet, Flatheads, Arapahoes, Peigans, Poncas, Sac, Fox, San Carlos Apaches, Jicarilla Apaches, Kiowas, Mesquero Apaches, Wichita, Winnebago, Iowa, Omaha, Otoes, Potawatomi, Marjave Apache, Shoshone, Ojibwa, Pawnees, Chippewas, Tuscarora, Onondago, Oenida, Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Ojibways, Comanches, Navajos, Pimas and Maricopa.

Another great feature of the Cummins Greater Wild West will be the most vivid and elaborate fire spectacle ever produced.

With the Wild West there is also

one of the largest animal shows in the country besides a number of diverting specialties that are the very best ever presented with a Wild West Show. The Walter L. Main shows, combined with the Cummins Greater Wild West, will be in Portsmouth on Saturday, June 16.

## A RAY OF HOPE

Reinstatement Of Young Decatur May Be Possible

President Roosevelt is given authority by a bill ordered favorably reported on Tuesday, by the Senate committee on naval affairs to reappoint such of the midshipmen at the naval academy recently dismissed for hazing as may be reappointed without prejudice to the naval service. These midshipmen are to be assigned to the classes next below those of which they were members when dismissed.

In the Senate Mr. Hale called up and the Senate passed the measure. The passage of this bill by the House will make probable the reinstatement of Stephen Decatur, Jr., appointed from this city.

#### MEETS THIS EVENING

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society meets with Mrs. Elmer Glass of Rutland street on this afternoon and evening. The ladies will meet in the afternoon to sew. Supper will be served at six o'clock. In the evening there will be the foreign missionary program.

#### THE TRANSFER FAD

Another sort of collection that is all the rage is that of street railway transfers. The managers of local lines have had hundreds of applications from all parts of the country during the past few weeks for their transfers.

## 'Are You Up to the Mark?'

If not feeling as well as you should, do not make the mistake of letting your health take care of itself. Resort to

**Beecham's Pills**

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

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Golden Crown	75c		
Monogram	75c		
Woodford County	\$1.00		
Monongahela	1.00	Jones Ale, Eldredge's Lager	
Red and White	1.00	Portsmouth Brewing Co. Lager	
Hunter	1.25	and Stock Ales, Bottled and	
Wilson	1.25	Drum.	

Read The Herald And Keep Posted



# MARSTON'S PROPOSAL

By MARGARET WESTRUP

(Copyright, by Joseph H. Morison.)

Sheila was perplexed. She rested her elbows on the table among the loose sheets of manuscript, and her chin in her hands and, staring out at the gray sky, tried to think how a young man could propose.

Suddenly she had an idea. Being by nature as Irish as her name and eyes, she was impulsive, and choosing a clean sheet of paper, she dashed off the following letter:

"Dear Marston: How does a young man propose at all? In a letter, mind! No getting off with glances and half-words. I want a letter from an ordinary nice young Englishman, my hero, to my heroine, asking her to marry him. My imagination evidently fails to supply a correct letter, for the editor of 'The Crescent' (oh, Marston, think of me appearing in 'The Crescent')—well, he writes that he likes a short story of mine very much, and he thinks the plot original, but that I fall in depicting the hero's love for the heroine, more especially in the letter he writes to her to ask her to marry him.

"Now, I have an inspiration, Marston: could you write a proposal for me? Just as you think you would write to anyone you wanted to marry. You see, you're a man, and would know what to say, at any rate, better than I should; so you will help me, won't you? Yours,

"SHEILA DESMOND."

She posted it then and there. The next afternoon when she returned to the rooms she shared with a fellow-writer she found his answer waiting for her. She pounced on it delightedly.

It ran thus:

"My Dear Sheila: After all I'm going to write it. I've tried so often to say it, and I never can screw up my courage. I want to ask you if you'll be my wife. I know you've never thought of me like that, and you're heaps too good for me, but I love you so I'd have to make you happy. I'd give my whole life to that. Won't you try and care for me a little, dear? You're just the world to me—everything's meaningless without you.

"Forgive me if I've startled you, dear. I'm but a clumsy brute, anyway."

"MARSTON HUGHES."

Marian, her friend, looked up from her letters first.

"Well," she said, "will it do?" Sheila's head was still down, bent over the sheet of smudged note-paper.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "it will do. I must write and thank him this evening."

That evening Sheila dashed off a note:

"Dear Marston: Thanks for letter. I'm quite sorry for you—you do it so well! But it will do beautifully for the hero in my story. I could never have written one like it myself. I did not know you had so much eloquence. I'm sure it'll be compensation for your trouble when you see your letter in 'Molly, the Maid,' in 'The Crescent!' Yours sincerely,

"SHEILA DESMOND."

Sheila flung down her pen with an impatient sigh.

"Can't you get on?" Marian asked, sympathetically.

"No, Marian; will you come and see me when I'm in the workhouse?"

"Yes, dear, and bring you a bun in a paper bag."

"Aren't you mixing me up with the bears at the zoo?"

Marian eyed her thoughtfully.

"It's a pity you don't try to get on with that other story—'Molly, the Maid,'" she said. "You know the editor of 'The Crescent' will forget you. It's over three weeks since he sent your story back for you to alter."

"I think I'll go out," said Sheila, inconsequently.

Marian's eyebrows rose a little. She glanced out at the thin drizzle of rain falling from heavy gray skies.

"Beautiful day for a walk," she said. Sheila went forth into the drizzle, a slim gray figure, and proceeded to try and walk herself into a suitable frame of mind. She shared Central Park with a workman for awhile, then even he went away, and apparently she had the park to herself.

Then she saw a tall figure approaching.

"Oh, he drew near he raised his hat."

"Oh, so you are back, Marston!" she cried, gayly. "Will you hold my umbrella while I shake hands with you?"

"I wouldn't think of troubling you."

There was a little pause of horror. Her face, pink as a rosebud from the damp air, was raised to his, like a child's who had been chidden for an unknown fault. But Sheila was not a child, so she smiled a stiff little smile and—

"It is a nuisance," she agreed, indifferently. "Isn't it a horrible day?"

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Have you been in town long?" she asked.

"About three weeks."

"Then you have had your fill of this damp, close weather," she said, and, nodding her pretty head, she walked on.

Marston Hughes stood and watched the slim figure disappear into the gray mist.

That night in bed Sheila buried her head deep into her pillow and "Oh," she cried, "if I were in love a hun-

dred times over I would never give up my old friends! Never, never!"

"I wonder why Marston Hughes never comes here now?" Marian said, thoughtfully.

Marian was trying at times. But the white face opposite her smiled bravely on.

"Oh, he's a bad boy entirely, and 'tis the truth I'm telling you. For hasn't he gone and forgotten his old friends, while he's after courtin' the maid he loves?"

Once she met him in the street. It was a miserable foggy evening and she was coming home from an unsuccessful visit to an editorial sanctum.

"You've no business to be out in this fog alone!" he said, brusquely.

"I am on my way home," she said, coldly.

He said nothing. She remembered that he was always more prone to act than to talk. Anyway the next moment she found herself in a cab, with him beside her.

When he spoke his voice was harsh. "What have you been doing to yourself?" he said.

"Nothing."

"I suppose you are overworking and under-eating. It's absurd. You're tired to death."

"My things—haven't had much luck lately," she said.

"All editors are fools," the energy of his tones brought an odd sense of comfort to her.

"Sometimes it's the contributors," she said, with a little laugh.

"Not in your case," with firm conviction.

"I'd how, only it's so dark."

She talked on gayly, and then suddenly they were almost there. She gave a little breathless gasp: "Marston, why haven't you been to see me?"

Why didn't he answer? Oh, why had she said it? Yet it didn't seem much to do for old friendship's sake.

"I couldn't," he said, quietly.

The unhealthy close weather had changed; there was frost in the mornings now.

"It is bitterly cold out. Mind you put your thick things on," said Marian one morning as she hurried away.

Soon after Sheila slipped into her thick coat obediently. Marston had once approved of it; he had said the manliness of it on her was delightful.

She put her hand absently into one of the pockets, and drew out an envelope. Looking down at it the dreaminess in her eyes slowly gave place to a bewildered wonder. It was addressed in her own writing to Marston Hughes!

Slowly, with cold fingers that trembled and fumbled aggravatingly, she opened the envelope and took out the sheet of paper inside.

"Dear Marston," she read, "how does a young man propose at all?"

Suddenly she gave a little startled sort of cry—a sob and laugh mingled in it. She sat down suddenly on the nearest chair; she trembled so that the sheet of note-paper shook in her hand. Then with a rush the joy and color came back to her face; she rose unsteadily and, going across to her writing-table, she unlocked a drawer and, taking from it a piece of note-paper scrawled over with thick smudgy writing, went back to her chair and read it through.

"It's mine," she whispered; "mine—oh mine." She gave a little happy soft laugh and, leaning back, rested her cheek against the paper.

Then she dashed off an incoherent note:

"I want to see you at once. Oh, I am so sorry. Please come, Marston—do come at once."

"SHEILA."

He came about half-past three.

"You wanted to see me?" he said.

The cold courtesy of his tone braced her. When she answered her voice was as steady as his.

"I want to explain something," she said.

"Yes?"

There was a pause.

"I—you see—the editor of 'The Crescent'—he—he—I mean I sent a short story to him and he liked it, but—he—he said—"

She stopped and drew a deep breath.

"He said—my hero's love-making—was not real—and—specially—the letter he wrote—proposing—"

Across the silence this time his words cut sharply.

"I hope I helped you there."

Suddenly her fortitude gave way. A despairing little cry broke from her: "Oh, Marston, you're making it so hard for me!"

He was beside her in a moment. He took her hands in his.

"I'm sorry," he said, remorsefully; "come and sit down."

He settled her gently into a chair, put a cushion behind her head, then spoke softly:

"Now tell me, Sheila."

"I wrote to you—I asked you to write—see, here is the letter."

He took it and read it through, then glanced back to the date.

"Go on," he said. "You didn't post this, why?"

His face was as white as hers now.

"I thought I had. I took it to the post—it was in my pocket—I remember now that there was a circular too—I was in a hurry—I went to the wrong pocket—I didn't notice in the dusk—"

"Sheila," he came close, his voice was hoarse, "you thought my letter was in answer to yours?"

"Yes."

"Then, Sheila, you didn't know mine was real?"

She shook her head.

He took her hands. "Then will you answer it now?"

And so she answered it for the second time.

## TOLD BY BAKERY WINDOWS

When They Contain But Little Show It Is an Indication of Good Business.

"He runs a bakery, I know that," said the broker's clerk, "but I don't know what kind of a trade he has."

"How do his bakeshop windows look?" asked the broker.

"Bare as a picked bone," said the clerk. "There isn't a thing in them except frilled paper, a couple of rolls tied up with red ribbon and a plate of cakes no thicker than a dime."

"Then the fellow is gilt-edged," said the broker. "He has first-class customers. Just show me a baker's windows and I can tell you nine times out of ten the quality of his trade. If they present the appearance of having been struck by famine, he caters to rich folks—supplies them with lady-fingers and dainty wafers thin enough to see through. His customers don't need anything more substantial. Never be afraid to make a deal with a baker who has starved looking windows; he is making money hand over fist. The fellow who makes a display of whole pies and cakes and real loaves of bread is not so well to do. His customers are second and third class. They like to eat and don't care who knows it, and the baker finds it to his advantage to advertise his wares. But it is the baker who caters to the common people who knows how to get up a window that makes your mouth water. The pies he makes are as big as cart wheels, his cakes are seven layers thick, his slabs of apple roll are coated with every known kind of spice and his sinners are stuffed with real jelly."

Only Waiting.

"What is your name, little girl?" questioned the teacher. "Otilia Kalamagoulapagos," answered the new pupil. "My stars, child!" exclaimed the teacher. "Nobody needs to carry such a name as that around in this country. You ought to have it changed."

"I'm going to, ma'am," said the new pupil, with perfect self-possession. "when me and Demetrius Laskasoupalolipopolos gibe a few years older."

—Chicago Tribune.

Valuable Lives Snuffed Out in Youth and Middle Age by Disease of Age.

Precocious senility, when marked and rapid, is so rare as to be mere academic interest, a pathologic curiosity, such as the recorded instance of children of six years dying with arteriosclerosis and other signs of extreme age, says American Medicine. Even the very uncommon, but a much larger number of milder cases have so long been noted as to have given rise to the axiom that a man is as old as his arteries. These cases deserve more thought than is given to them, not so much to discover cures as to prevent decay, and save to society so many valuable lives which are now snuffed out in the middle age by diseases of the senile. There has been much wild speculation on the subject, chiefly in lay journals, and due, no doubt, to some more or less sensational investigations of Metchnikoff on the causes of normal senility and the possibility of prolonging human life beyond the century mark. Yet it is a serious problem and we should know what is the stimulus which makes one organism go through all its life changes in 80 years, while another under apparently identical conditions lasts 30 years longer.

COLD IS A MINOR FACTOR

In Pneumonia the Huddling Together of People Is More Important.

Augustus Wadsworth declares that experience has shown cold to be a minor predisposing factor in the development of pneumonia. The huddling together of people in close quarters is of far more importance, says Medical Record.

The treatment of pneumonia in its present stage may be said to be either very easy or impossible. A careful prophylaxis against disturbances of the digestive tract is of the greatest importance. Many ways of attaining the same results present themselves and the choice in great measure rests with personal experience. The hope of definite results lies in the production of an efficient and specific antiseptic.

It is known that poisonous substances are elaborated by the pneumococcus, but so far the production of an antitoxin corresponding to that used in diphtheria has not been obtained. Pneumonia, however, is the bacteremic disease and as yet in none of this type have satisfactory results been secured in relation to antisera. The hope of success nevertheless is gradually growing brighter.

Submerged Roman Cities.

Late explorations of the Italian coast near Pompeii have changed the opinion of antiquarians, says the New York Tribune. The submerged Roman ruins along the coast used to be regarded as foundation walls thrown out for sea baths, but it was made clear that they are the remains of noble mansions, and that they point to the time when the land on which they stood was far above the level of the sea. The shore is, in fact, strewn with the wreck of buried cities. Coast roads have vanished, ancient quarries have been flooded and the breakwaters of the harbors of classical story covered fathoms deep with water. A great submarine sea wall, with concrete piers 17 feet high, still protects the fragments. But neither the fragments nor the great sea wall have been visible in the light of day for 2,000 years.

Thrown Out.

"And you say you lost your position by the great earthquake in San Francisco?" Inquired the kind lady.

"Yes, mum," replied Frayed Franklyn.

"What was your position?"

"I was asleep in a barn at the time, mum."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## World's Highest Bridge.

Colorado will possess within a few months the highest bridge in the world over the deepest chasm in the Rocky mountains. The bridge is being constructed over the far-famed Royal gorge of the Arkansas river, at a point where the abyssal rent in the earth's crust is but 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. The walls rise almost perpendicularly to a distance of 2,600 feet, and are granite, decomposed and iron-stained until colorings blend into innumerable pleasing effects upon the senses.

## Old Austrian Law.

One of the oldest of the Austrian customs is the result of legislation. According to law, every house must be closed from ten o'clock at night until six o'clock in the morning. During that time each house is in charge of an attendant known as the hausbesorger, or caretaker. In large apartment buildings this hausbesorger is usually a uniformed porter. Every person entering the house between ten at night and six in the morning must pay to the hausbesorger 20 hellers (four cents).

## Only Waiting.

"What is your name, little girl?" questioned the teacher. "Otilia Kalamagoulapagos," answered the new pupil. "My stars, child!" exclaimed the teacher. "Nobody needs to carry such a name as that around in this country. You ought to have it changed."

"I'm going to, ma'am," said the new pupil, with perfect self-possession. "when me and Demetrius Laskasoupalolipopolos gibe a few years older."

—Chicago Tribune.

## Vatican Press.

Pope Pius X. contemplates founding an official press news office in the Cancellaria palace for supplying vatikan news to correspondents. The idea was suggested to him by Cardinal Merry Del Val, and is likely to save the holy father from much of the annoyance he experiences now through the circulation of unfounded rumors and the presentation of views inimical to vatican interests.

## Germ of Leprosy.

Dr. W. J. Goodhue, medical superintendent of the leper settlement at Molokai, Hawaii, who has devoted many years to the study of leprosy, in a letter to a friend in Toronto says that he has discovered the germ of the disease in the mosquito and vermin. Dr. Goodhue was born at Habaskaville Quebec, October 8, 1869, and is the personal friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

## Like Mother's.

"I plead for the soft, crumbly, well-shortened pie," said Dr. Burton Rogers a federal meat inspector, in an address at the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute recently. "Too often it has been condemned unjustly. I do not for one single moment believe that it is harmful for children."

## Motor Sledge to Pole.

Dr. Charcot is supported by Sir Clement Markham and Capt. Scott in the belief that the south pole, where the ice is tolerably level and constant—not ever changing, as that in the north—may be reached by a motor sledge of special construction.

## Great Poultry Raisers.

The Chinese are, perhaps the most successful poultry raisers in the world. They do not feed the fowl, but make them pick up their own food, each flock being kept on the move as sheep are on a range. The quality of this poultry is, however, poor.

## Sure Enough.

Mrs. De Flirte (to her husband)—Jack, that man in the box hasn't taken his eyes off of me for a full half hour.

De Flirte—How do you know?—Famille-Journal.

## Fine Point.

In a case now before an English court the vital point is whether a goose can drown. One expert, for the negative, testified that he had a goose which always went to roost on a pond.

## Somewhat Slow.

If American history writers were equal to American history makers in doing their work, our nation would occupy an even higher place than it does.

## Federal War Medals.

Frank D. Millet, the well-known war correspondent and mural painter, is now said to be designing a series of war medals for the federal government.

## Old-Fashioned.

The old-fashioned man who still wipes his feet before entering a house usually asks permission before lighting a cigar.—Detroit Free Press.

## Fad of Twain's.

Mark Twain is fond of collecting odd obituary poetry, and has a scrap book, which he is extremely proud of, containing 3,000 specimens.

## In the Spring.

If you meet a man with a stiff back and blistered hands you can safely ask what he planted yesterday.

## Stealing.

Speculation is a word that often begins with the second letter.

## PICTURE OF CONEY ISLAND.

Fanned by a Souffull "Geezer," Who Collided with an "Argosy" of Hen Fruit.

There is a solemn hush, and all hearts await the setting off of the next piece of fireworks, relates a New York Herald writer. I am filled with a vague unrest as the first ball—one of a velvet texture—pops into the air from a Roman candle. It is of a rich sapphire hue. I give an involuntary shudder, for I am ill at ease and completely undone. In another moment a red ball, more beautiful by far than the garden's brightest rose, darts on the parabolic, and before it is quite crumbled into thinnest air a cold chill creeps over me and I instinctively button my coat. Then another ball of that lovely rone of green which reaches its highest point of perfection in a creme de menthe projects itself into the starry vistas of the perfect summer night, and I suddenly sidestep with the subtle quickness of a snake and crouch ready to spring at a moment's notice. While in this attitude and before I am aware, I notice myself silhouetted against a background of Tyrian purple light, and I duck as from a thunder bolt, until the ball which cast it has dissolved. Alas, I wring my hands and beat my breast and murmur dolefully, if not soulfully: "Woe is me." And when a large white ball, more beautiful than a full blown lily, darts into the air with fairy witchery and suddenly bursts and sends forth myriads of smaller balls of all colors in a wild, picturesque cluster, I jump behind a Rose of Sharon bush and dream painfully of that never to be forgotten night last spring when, as Hamlet out in Oshkosh, I was compelled to face an argosy of soft boiled Easter eggs and so doing was caused to look most painfully like a human tulip bed in full blossom as I fled to wrap the drapery of the night about me.

## MIGRATION OF WILD GEESE

How the Old Leader of a Flock Gathers It and Starts on Its Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, and to behold this vast concourse of geese as one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends a hundred thousand voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the pole not to return until the following October.

## MEASURING DEPTH OF AIR

Atmospheric Envelope of Earth Determined by Interesting Scientific Observation.

One hundred and 31 miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Prof. T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear; and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based in the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

## Health as a Business Asset.

The average man is not accustomed to regard his health as his very best asset, yet that is precisely what it is. The man who will accord due regard to his health, from a strictly business standpoint, will go farther, last longer and accomplish more in the end than one who makes health an after-consideration. Success which is attained at the expense of health is worth absolutely nothing to the man who attains it. There is no pleasure either in the process or in the final result.—St. Louis Republic.

## Might Come Handy.

"I love thee," vowed the sentimentalist. "I swear it by you blue sky—by the purple seas—by the green forest—by the yellow moon—by—"

"Say," interrupted the practical girl. "It would suit me a heap better if you'd put all that in black and white."—Cleveland Leader.

## Enterprising Dealers.

A London firm of automobile dealers has organized a band of 80 cyclists, armed with red flags, as a partial offset to the numerous police traps thereabouts. These wheelmen warn the occupants of motor cars just when and where to drive cautiously, and will change the scene of their operations daily in order to circumvent the "bobbies," who are making a good thing out of the numerous arrests for speed, law infractions.

## Italian Army Tailoring.

Officials in the Italian army have been troubled over a question of tailoring. It is not a matter of tunics or headdress, but of officers' trousers, of which it is said that their infinite variety exhausts all the colors of the spectrum. A limited scale of appropriate shades is being submitted to vote and on the result will be based a selection which will simplify army tailoring.

## Pennsylvania Products.

Pennsylvania supplied more hemlock bark for tanning purposes in 1905 than any other state, and it also led in the production of wood alcohol and acetate it time. It produced 7,890,346 bushels of charcoal, but was a little below Michigan in



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## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1906.

### CHANGE OF GLIDDEN CUP ROUTE

The alleged overzealousness of local officials in the Bay state and one or two places in Southern New Hampshire has resulted in the route's being changed for this year's contest, the start being made from Buffalo, N. Y., and Massachusetts being cut out. Judge Dill and Mr. Post, who were appointed a committee to study and compile information regarding the roads, last week made their report. From Buffalo the run will be made to Quebec, and from that city to the White Mountains through the state of Maine. The tourists will come into Maine at Jackman and conditions are expected to test the endurance qualities of the cars participating. The committee reports that it will be the most picturesque, varied and delightful tour ever held by automobilists in this country. A large part of the trip through the Pine Tree state will follow the Androscoggin river, and the final day's run, from the Rangeley Lakes to Bretton Woods, 115 miles, is through some of the most magnificent country for a pleasure tour in the eastern part of the United States. As a result of this tour of inspection it was found necessary to add two extra days to the schedule of the event as previously planned. No change will be made in the tour from the date of leaving Buffalo, July 12, up to Quebec, the latter city being reached Saturday night, July 21. Instead of spending one day at Quebec, the committee now has fixed a stay of two days. The tourists will leave the Canadian city on Tuesday morning, July 24, and they will probably all get an early start, for a long day's run will be before them, 112 1/2 miles to Jackman, Me. Two days, instead of one, will then be devoted to the run from Jackman to the Rangeley Lakes, as the committee discovered that the distance was 134 miles instead of eighty as provided for in the original itinerary. The route will be cut by running to Waterville, eighty-one miles, on July 25, and the next day's run will be 103 miles to the Rangeley Lakes. Friday, July 27, will be a rest day at the lakes, and on Saturday the closing run will be made to Bretton Woods. The entire tour from Buffalo, when the regulations for the Glidden cup trophy will go into operation, will be 1,133 miles.

Last year the tourists, it will be remembered, passed through this city. They encountered no trouble in old Strawberry Bank, but found it, in slant parlance, good and plenty in Stratford county.

It was the generally expressed opinion at the time, by those who were in a position to know, that the tourists were in the wrong.

They committed no speeding offenses while here, however, and Portsmouth will be sorry to lose the mingled pleasure and profit of their visit.

### BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

To walk on Sorrow's thorny way Is a mighty tough employ;

To do it one must wear the shoes Sold at the shop of Joy.

Addicks of Delaware has shown that he is truly devoted to the party by announcing that, for the party's

good, he is to retire from the Senate. Let us hope he has a more popular successor.

The average American income is said to be \$650 a year. Are you getting yours?

Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous gunmaker, who has an income of \$5,000 a year, has received offers of marriage from 1362 different men, says a news dispatch. Is it possible that she has kept account of all of them?

Vermont is seldom anything but radical in whatever she undertakes. An example is the case of the Montpelier druggist who was fined for illegal liquor selling in a license town \$30,000 and sentenced to 160 days in jail, or in default of payment of the fine sixteen years in jail.

This from the Portland Advertiser beats all and makes you want to give the writer a artichoke:

It seems rather inconsistent for vegetarians to condemn the filthy condition of the Chicago packing houses while they are subsisting on stuff that literally is raised in dirt.

Bird and animal names are evidently popular with the magazines just now. Three of the leaders in the short story field are the Black Cat, the Gray Goose, and the Blue Mule, the latter sprung up about a year ago in San Francisco and a lively survivor of the earthquake and fire. It might appropriately be renamed the phoenix.

At the Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, reformatory, the convicts have been set at work caring for the lawn, and especially in taking care of numerous rose bushes. The idea of the officials is to "humanize" the convicts by teaching them to care for beauty. The officials evidently agree with Leigh Hunt that:

"Whatsoever of Beauty Yields and yet repays, Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath, Took a shape in roses."

How do the following stanzas from Madison Cawein's "Vale of Tempe" agree with your idea of the sweet girl graduate?

"The Summer takes its hue From something opulent as fair in her,

And the bright heav'n is brighter than it was; Brighter and lovelier, Arching its beautiful blue, Serene and soft, as her sweet gaze, O'er us."

"Summer and Spring are wed In her—her nature; and the glamour of Their loveliness, their bounty, as it were, Of life, and joy, and love, Her being seems to shed, The magic aura of the heart of her."

There was an explosion on board the battleship Kearsarge, not long ago, which killed ten officers and men. The ship and her crew would probably have been blown to atoms but for the bravery of John Breeman, a seaman, who stamped out the burning powder, shut himself up in the handling room and remained there, face to face with death, until he had covered the open powder tanks in recognition of his heroism the government has given him a medal of honor and \$100 in cash. Thrifty souls will rejoice to know that Breeman hasn't been overpaid.—Portland Advertiser.

There is room for the suspicion that Breeman was rewarded the same as the prize money is distributed, according to his rank, though one can hardly see why a deed of heroism in an ordinary seaman isn't as great as in an officer; or why, indeed, it is not more to be expected of the latter than the former.

### CONCERNING BRILLIANT PORTSMOUTH GIRL

The New York World of yesterday contains large photograph of Miss Jane Perkins of this city, who leads the class of 1906, the largest ever graduated from Vassar, and gives an account of how she stood the 110-hour endurance test in examinations.

### LEASED COTTAGE AT NEW CASTLE

Dr. J. J. Berry and family of State street have leased for the Summer one of the Fellows' cottages at New Castle and will soon occupy the same.

### RECEIVED \$25 IN GOLD

Miss Helen Berry of State street, who graduated this month from St. John Baptist school in New York, received the leading Sister Portia prize of twenty-five dollars in gold for the highest excellence in all the studies for the last year.

### OUR EXCHANGES

#### The Man At The Desk

The Man at the Desk has a patient look As he writes and writes in his open book, And he bends his back to the task before Like a galley-slave to his hand-rubbed oar. Columns of figures he marshals by, Piled up decimals mountains high Which seem to sing to his well-ruled brain

His long, monotonous life refrain:—"Debit, credit, voucher, pay,— Discount, balance, day by day; Carried forward, interest, duns,— So the monotonous river runs."

The Man at the Desk with the patient look Has followed the rule of the copy-book;—

"Early to bed and early to rise, Yet he's neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise.

Honest, industrious, sober, chained To his office cell, he has long remained Dead of ambition, busy of pen, Adding up figures for other men.

"Debit, credit, remit, amount, Carried forward, close account; Daybooks, draftbooks, interest, duns,— So the monotonous river runs."

The Man at the Desk with the patient look Has written his life in the open book,

Has charged up Youth with a small amount, And crossed off Love as a closed account.

Yet bright are the tears in his faded eye As the column of figures marches by, Black of ink and with mourning brave,

Like a last parade to a yawning grave.

"Debit, credit," the bugles play, "Discount, balance, voucher, pay, Carried forward, interest, duns,— So the monotonous river runs."

—Wallace Irwin in Success.

#### Like The Czar

About the best thing we have heard concerning Goremeykin is that he walks for exercise. He may consider himself lucky if he does not have to run for safety.—Portland Express.

#### Gardening For Fun

This is the season when man wallows in his own sweat while spading up a few inches of earth wherein to deposit some garden truck seeds. The moment his crop is up he will lose half a day to inform his neighbors of the fact. Well, who expects him to plant with a view to profit? The fun is in digging in the dirt and watching the vegetables grow.—Westbrook Chronicle-Gazette.

#### Third Pan-American Congress

Questions of great moment are to be discussed at the third pan-American congress, summoned to assemble at Rio Janeiro late in July. In some of them the whole world is interested, notably in the question of forcible collection in South America of private debts by old world governments. It is not likely that the congress will leave this matter hanging in midair when it adjourns.—Newburyport Herald.

#### But He Told Only The Truth

It is said that a speech of W. J. Bryan has had the effect of increasing the virulence of the Chinese boycott. This may not be the first instance in which the silver tongued orator of the West has succeeded in making a bad matter worse.—Lawrence Telegram.

#### On The Spot With Big Guns

Where there is so much smoke there is reasonably sure to be some fire. All this talk about unrest in China doubtless has some foundation for it. It is not wise to take anything for granted about China in these times, and the feverish aspect of conditions there amply justifies our government in sending several additional regiments and battleships to the Philippines. America has many citizens in China and many interests there to protect, and if there is a general uprising in the celestial empire against Americans or against foreigners in general, Uncle Sam must be on the spot.—Kennebec Journal.

#### And The Ravens Won't Feed Us

There is nothing remarkable in the statement that the people of San Francisco will have to be fed for the next six months. We are all hoping to be fed for many years to come—and three times a day, at that.—Portland Advertiser.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Athletic Club was held last evening.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

(Continued from first page)

Ing Evelyn and Mildred Sawyer were strong friends I inquired for Mildred's whereabouts, and what do you suppose she said? It seemed that Mildred was the wife of a prosperous butter and egg merchant in Burlington, Vt.

Evelyn also informed us that Pearl Wood was a private stenographer to a prominent business man there in Washington. This news was gladly received, but I was obliged then to leave my old classmates and catch the electric car for the hotel.

Upon my arrival in the office the clerk passed me my mail, among which was a letter from another 1906 fellow, Harry Ramsdell. In his letter Harry stated that he was successfully managing a large plantation down in Florida.

I retired to my room to look over my mail but was interrupted by a bellboy bringing me Ralph Rand's card. I went down into the office, and sure enough there was my old friend, "Simes". He hadn't changed one bit, having retained his slow and steady habits of the past. Rand was sporting a large number of cigars; on cross examination, he told me that he had married Marguerite Jenness. It was an awful shock to think that Rand was a married man; but when "Simes" informed me that Wilmont Smart had fallen in love with and married Miss Alice Bogart, I declared that I was prepared to hear almost anything about the remainder of my classmates.

The next morning I took a through train for New York city and who do you suppose I met? Well, two of our classmates, Misses Margaret Long and Katherine Cullen, attired in the uniforms of nurses. We spoke to each other, but they were too much occupied with their important case to become very sociable.

On my arrival in New York city, the first person I met was Thornton Jenness. After a vigorous hand shaking, he informed me that he had made good with the New York Americans and was going to catch behind the bat for them the coming season. We entered into a conversation about our old ball team in the P. H. S. and how successful it was in the Spring of '06. I inquired about Harold Woods and was not surprised to learn that he was managing the Yale baseball team. As time was going rapidly, I bade Jenness farewell and went to a hotel for dinner. I took a berth on a steamboat that evening and found myself in Boston the next morning.

As I was longing to get back to old Portsmouth I took the first train I could for home. Upon my arrival the first person I met was Mary Watkins. Mary had come East to see her friends again and was about to depart. Possibly you will be glad to hear that Mary was teaching the young people of the West the customs and habits of the Eastern people.

As I proceeded down Vaughan street, I encountered Misses Marion Lord, Aline Fraser and Gladys Moulton, arm in arm. They appeared to be the same girls as I remembered them ten years ago.

I was suddenly startled by the clatter of horses hoofs on the pavement, but instead of a runaway, it was Miss Ethel Pollard driving a beautiful span of bay horses. I bowed and was rewarded with an invitation to take a ride. Of course I accepted, and Ethel drove me about town, telling me about Florence Hanscom's success as a music teacher. We met our friend Annie Batchelder, who is now matron of the Old Ladies' Home.

Ethel told me that "Dolly" Beyer had married a young Methodist minister and at present was living down in Maine. Also that Ethel Dunton and Mary Soule were office girls for the Portsmouth Forge Company, and that Mary Remick was pursuing a simple country life in Rye.

After enjoying Miss Pollard's kind hospitality for over two hours she left me at The Square. While waiting here for a car, Hector Kingsbury passed by and recognized me. He invited me to his studio to see some of his drawings. I can assure you that Hector was the artist of the day.

I tried to get a seat in a car but seemed to be having a lot of trouble when I awoke, only to find that it was all a dream and that it was time for me to go to bed.

"CINDERS".

#### INDIAN MUSICIANS

Will Play for the Elks at Denver Next July

"One of the most unique features that will be brought to the attention of those who are in Denver next July will be Indian musicians," said a well known traveling man to a reporter at one of the local hotels on Tuesday. "The Elks' annual reunion is to be held there next July, and Indian bands from all the Indian schools of

the West will be at the reunion, decked in their native costumes."

The government has spent many thousands of dollars, and an infinite amount of time and patience to teach the Indians music, and some of them have become accomplished musicians. There are more than twenty of these bands in the West, which will be secured for parade and entertainment purposes in Denver, and they will furnish the most unique example of the advance of civilization among the Indians that has ever been given to the American people.

"The people of Colorado have raised an immense sum of money for the entertainment of those who go there next July, and railroads have made a reduced rate, and it looks as though there would be a great attendance in Denver from every section of the country."

#### REDUCTION IN LETTER POSTAGE

Foreign Mail Matter At Reduced Rates After Oct. 1, 1907

The postoffice department has given out the following statement:

"The Universal Postal congress, recently in convention at Rome, Italy, ordered a substantial reduction in letter postage by increasing the unit of weight effective on and after Oct. 1, 1907, from fifteen to twenty grams and providing that while postage on the first twenty grams shall remain at twenty-five centimes (five cents), every additional twenty grams shall be at the rate of fifteen centimes (three cents).

"Great Britain and the United States strongly urged that the unit of weight for them should be fixed at one ounce as it would be extremely difficult for them to express an equivalent weight for twenty grams, not having adopted the metric system. This request was granted. This will give the two great countries exceptionally low rates for the exchange of letters. Under the reduced rates a letter to Great Britain will cost five cents for the first ounce and three cents for the second ounce, or eight cents for two ounces.

In other words when the new rates become effective a letter packet weighing six ounces can be sent to Great Britain at the rate now charged for a two ounce packet.

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**The Marriage of**  
**Muggsy**  
By W. H. ALBURN  
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann the waitress became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories, and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping with. So he was to be married on Sunday.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. To-morrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself staring vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late; and the lights in the windows were dim. There were three gilded balls over the door. Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the rings.

There was an old shoe lying in the street. In a moment he had seized the shoe, rested it on the glass above the crack, inserted his left elbow in the shoe, closed his fist and struck it a powerful blow with his right hand.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of, leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench where the magnanimous Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society.

"Well, well!" ejaculated his honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?"

"Burglary and larceny, your honor—at 'is old tricks—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a wedding ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit, and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court.

"Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful."

"I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy.

"Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess nothin'."

"Needed a wedding ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried his honor, with a smile that lit up the courtroom.

"That reminds me," remarked Lieut. O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—"

and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face.

Meanwhile a reporter was inspecting the marriage license. He was a tall, lean scribe, with a lazy, far-away look, and wore an eternal stogie in his mouth. He leaned over to the judge.

"The girl's name is Mary Ann Evans," he said. "Maybe she's here. She'd make a good witness."

Now, his honor had great respect for this particular reporter. Besides, he was under obligation to him for certain unnam'd favors.

"Have you any witnesses?" he asked the prisoner.

"Me? Naw."

The judge handed the license to the court officer.

"Is Mary Ann Evans here present?" roared Mooney.

Muggsy jerked himself erect, his square jaw set, his eyes flashing, and his fists clenched.

"Stop that, Mr. Officer!" he cried. Mooney started back, and the courtroom stared in astonished silence.

"I don't want that there name mentioned in this d-d police court!" the prisoner yelled.

The judge's hand smiled had congealed. The reporter critically noted the steel and emitted a low, thoughtful whistle.

Then the spell was broken by a commotion beyond the railing among the

spectators, and a little figure with curly hair and freckled face almost hidden beneath a faded shawl darted past the officer at the gate and stopped to the judge's bench. A young lad about to follow her was denied admittance.

Muggsy was abashed. His figure slumped back to its normal posture, and again he gazed at the floor.

"Please, sir, I'm here," faltered the figure under the shawl, while a pair of greenish-yellow eyes roved back and forth between judge and prisoner.

"Are you Mary Ann Evans?" asked his honor.

"Y-yes, sir. An' I came here this mornin' because Jimmy—that's my brother—seen in the paper that Muggsy was arrested, an' he said they'd try him this mornin'." An' I thought maybe I could—do sumpin'—for 'im." Further elucidation was interrupted by the necessity for stopping a flow of tears with one corner of her shawl.

"Is it this man, or his cousin, that you were going to marry?" asked the judge.

Mary Ann checked an impulse to answer, and looked to the prisoner for guidance. Muggsy's eyes slowly rose from the floor, met hers, and read their honest appeal. That look shamed the duplicity out of him. He stepped nearer the judge, while the little group narrowed around the affianced pair, and he addressed the judge in a voice firm, but low, so that the curiosity-mongers beyond the railing might not hear.

"I'll tell ye the truth, yer honor," he said. "an' it'll be the first time I ever told it to ye. I lied w'en I said the license was fer me cousin, an' I lied about breakin' the windy by accident. This little girl had promised to marry me, yer honor, an' the wedding was to 'a' been yesterday. An' w'en I happened to think how I didn't have no ring, an' how I needed one, an' didn't have no money to buy one, nor notin', w'y I don't know how it was, yer honor, but I just couldn't help forgettin' I'd reformed, an' gittin' a ring the best way I could. An' now I s'pose I got to go to the Works again, an' I don't care much, fer I don't s'pose Mary Ann'll have anything to do with me now—fer she's a decent, respectable girl, yer honor, an' not like me. Only, I don't know what she'll do, on account of bein' out of a job, an' nobody to take care of her. But it's all up now, an' you might as well give me the sentence right away, yer honor; fer there can't be no wedding, an' my job's lost, an' it's no use, I guess, tryin' to be decent."

"What job's that?" asked the prosecutor. The suggestion of Muggsy at work, following close upon the revelation of Muggsy in love, staggered him.

Thereupon the prisoner filled in the details of the story. His narrative was supplemented by the testimony of a policeman who recognized Mary Ann and had known her father.

"Are you still willing to marry him?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Why, of course!" and Mary Ann stared at him in surprise. "I know he'll never do such a thing again. An' I guess I can git along somehow till he gets out, an' gits another job."

"Well, in view of the circumstances, I won't make it so long as I otherwise would," began the judge, as he resumed his judicial air. "It will be—"

But the reportorial face had suddenly approached his honor's ear, and there was a quiet little conference, in which the prosecutor presently joined.

"It will be—ahem!"—resumed his honor, when the heads separated—"three months and costs." He paused, impressively. "And, in view of certain extenuating circumstances—the workhouse sentence is suspended during good behavior, and the fine to be paid at the convenience of the prisoner."

Muggsy stared stupidly.

"Go on!" said Mooney, nudging him good-naturedly. "No, not that way," as the prisoner started back toward the "bull pen." "Out here, with your girl. You're free, as long as you behave yourself. See?"

Muggsy saw, and with a radiant smile overspread his ugly face as he grasped Mary Ann's hand, and they turned away, too happy for speech.

"Wait a minute," whispered the tall reporter. "Your job?"

The smile faded.

"It was mighty hard to git, and now I've lost it," Muggsy faltered. "I was to report fer work this mornin'."

"Won't you sign this, judge?" asked the scribe.

His honor took from him the sheet of official court paper and read:

Foreman of the Foundry: The presence of Mr. Maguire has been required at an important trial this morning. He informs me that as a result of rendering the court this service he may lose the employment you have promised him. Allow me to request that his enforced absence may not deprive a deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family.

The genial smile broke out again, and the judge signed the letter. When he handed it to Muggsy there was a bank note folded in it.

"You can pay this back some time, if you feel like it," he said. "Now, get married; and then report for work, and give the boss this paper. It'll be all right. Mr. Jones!"

An old colored minister, who haunted the police courts and rescued the black sheep of his flock from frequent trouble, arose and bowed with rheumatic dignity.

"Take this couple into my private office and tie them up," ordered the judge.

The bridal pair followed the aged pastor from the courtroom amid a roar of applause, and the court officer called the next case.

**The Heiress from**  
**England**  
A TALE OF COLONIAL DAYS  
By EITA W. PIERCE  
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Captain Pakenham," said his excellency, the governor turning toward the hearth where a figure stood like some superb young Mars, "you are late, sir; what do you mean by such delay? I was obliged to send a servant to search for you."

"I crave your excellency's pardon," he answered, "I was playing bowls with Miss Margaret, and so gave little heed to time."

The secretary at the governor's side thrust his goose quill hard into the ink horn, and a blot fell on his paper. His excellency had come to this, his favorite country house, with a retinue of guests and servants, to celebrate, not the New Year, but an event at once uncommon and interesting—a double marriage.

"Pakenham," said the governor, "you hear the preparations for your wedding on the morrow. I marvel that you should waste time at bowls with my niece, Margaret, or forget for a moment the importance of the occasion, when the lady who has come from England to marry you is already approaching the house. Let me remind you, sir, that your father has sent Miss Keppel to mend with her wealth the wasted fortunes of your family, as well as to make you happy by the gift of her youth and beauty."

"Now, if you would save your reputation as a lover and a gentleman, mount and make such speed as you can to meet Miss Keppel's coach."

"I make haste to obey your commands," said Pakenham, and he bowed and went jauntily out of the council chamber.

But the moment its door closed upon him his countenance changed. With a groan he started to descend the staircase, and in its first turn found himself face to face with a slender, brunette girl, who was just coming up.

He bent his lips, tall head, and kissed her on the lips; then tore down the stairs, his sword clattering against the stout oak as he went.

Meanwhile in the council chamber the governor was talking to his secretary.

"It is well for the boy to go with you to the altar to-morrow," said the governor. "Seeing you so happy in the love of Margaret, he may pause to reflect upon his own folly, and, happily, awake to some sense of gratitude and duty. I am fond of Pakenham, and desire his welfare. He has ever been a great favorite, too, with Margaret."

"Yes," assented the secretary.

His excellency withdrew. A light tap sounded on the door, and Margaret Winslow, the niece of the governor, stepped into the room.

As she advanced to meet her lover she involuntarily cast down her eyes. He tried to take her hand, but she broke from him, and ran to a window that commanded a view of the highway.

"Let us watch for Miss Keppel's coach. Jasper, I have a secret to tell you, and oh, I am sore afraid—my heart is beating fast."

"Eh? Afraid? Of what, pray—of whom?"

"Of you and my uncle. Do you think the English girl can be far away? It is hard for me to make my confession—it will be harder for you to hear it."

"Margaret, what jest is this? Your face is like chalk—you tremble!"

"And well I may! Look! she is at hand!—I see the outriders—the heads of the horses, yonder, in the curve of the road, where the tall cedar stands. Oh, I must tell you now, or our lives will be forever wrecked! It is Pakenham whom I love Jasper—not you—and alas! he loves me. If he marries the English heiress to-morrow, and if I am forced to wed you, my heart will break."

The blow was cruel. Never till that moment had he doubted her faith. The coach turned in at the gate.

The bleak winter night was brooding on the marshes.

Over the barren waste a man came, running like a fox, looking behind him now and then as he fled. Far away in the distance twinkled a light. Instinctively he set his face toward it. It shone from a low black house on the edge of the marsh.

He rapped on the door and a handsome young woman opened to him.

"Madam," he said, "may I ask a place by your fire and a morsel of supper?"

His voice and bearing betokened a man of breeding. She drew back that he might enter.

"The fire is free to all wayfarers," she said, "and as for supper—here is a portion set for me—I give it to you gladly."

"It is evident that you are not the owner of this house?"

She shook her head—a fair, graceful head, with hair like the silk of corn.

"Fishfolk live here. They are absent now on an errand for me."

The wind screeched around the cabin; the boughs of the hornbeam tree rattled against the chimney. With sudden resolution the man spoke:

"I am his excellency's secretary."

She turned and flashed on him two wide blue eyes.

"Ah! the man who will wed the governor's niece to-morrow?"

"Pardon—the man who will wed the governor's niece—never! Miss Winslow has thrown me over for a happier lover. Two marriages were arranged for the governor's house on New Year's morning—neither will be celebrated."

She looked gravely perturbed.

"I am also a wayfarer to-night," she said, "and, alas! yet, I am a stranger in a strange, inhospitable land."

"Then," replied the secretary, "there is but one name by which I can call you. You are—you must be, the English maid, Miss Keppel? Though when I left the governor's dwelling I supposed that lady to be safely housed there. To encounter her miles away, in a fisherman's hut, and at this hour, seems strange beyond belief."

"I am lost on the marshes, sir," she said, with quiet dignity.

"And why did you leave the governor? But I see! Pakenham confessed the truth to you even as Miss Winslow did to me."

"Not so; I needed no confession," she answered, bitterly. "At the harbor he failed to meet me. I was left to make the journey alone, almost to the governor's gate."

"No, I sent my maid to demand speech with Pakenham. He could not be found—he had vanished. I waited for no words with the governor. (Val: he and his household fancied me ) by resting from my journey I put on this cloak, took my purse and jewels, and stole with my maid from the house. We thought to make our way to the harbor and there sea; a ship ready for sea, but in the darkness we missed the road, and found ourselves astray in the marshes. My maid was overcome with fright, and wept and wailed so much that I permitted her to turn back; but I myself continued on alone."

"Alone!" echoed the secretary, with a vivid remembrance of the marsh by night, "you have a brave heart."

Suddenly the secretary arose and pushed back his chair.

"Miss Keppel," he said, "I omitted to tell you one trifling incident in my own story—I have killed Captain Pakenham!"

She sat as if turning to stone.

"You said a moment ago that when you sent for him at the governor's house he could not be found. Doubtless he was lying under the trees at the foot of the garden with my sword in his vitals, for we fought immediately after the arrival of your coach. Miss Keppel, you need wander no further. I have rid you of that fortune hunter—that blind mole, who could prefer Margaret Winslow to you!"

He walked toward the door. She started to her feet and took a step after him.

"Oh, sir, what would you do—where would you go?"

"Back to the governor—to surrender myself and take my punishment like a man."

She tried to bar his way with imploring hands.

"Oh, sir, stay!—continue your flight! No one shall know that you have been here—that I have seen you. Do not surrender yourself. Colonial judges have little mercy—they will demand a life for a life. Pray, pray, listen to me!"

He looked at her with a smile.

"You pity me—that is sweet. But I will not fly further."

Argument seemed to fail her. Her hands fell at her side.

"Then, if you go back, I will go with you—that is, if you will accept my poor company. I will plead your cause with the governor. After all that has happened, he owes me some consideration. Maybe we can reach the town before the Old Year dies."

"Come, then," said the secretary, "and God bless you for a brave and generous maid!"

His excellency was walking his council chamber in great disturbance of mind. The house was still—all sounds of festivity had long since died in it.

Steps sounded in the corridor, and as the maid opened the door, his excellency saw on the threshold two disheveled, snow-covered figures, like specters blown out of darkness.

"What! have you dared to come back, sirrah?" he cried, and fumbled for his gold snuff-box.

"Yes," answered the secretary, "to take my punishment."

"Punishment—for what?"

"The slaying of Pakenham, in your excellency's garden."

"Humph!" said the governor, "and who is this with you? Ah, the English maid! A pretty kettle of fish we have in the house! Well, sir, Pakenham is not dead. Your sword missed his heart by an inch or two—he will recover."

The secretary had expected other tidings. He threw up his head and breathed freely again.

"Yes, yes," said the governor, "he will survive your thrust, fast enough, for his new-made wife is now nursing him—a clergyman wedded him to Margaret several hours ago. She thought him dying at the time and would not be gainsaid. As for you, secretary, since Margaret is the fiancée that has lighted the tow, I cannot punish you as I ought—the scandal would be too great. Therefore, you take care not to talk of this New Year's Eve, and you will immediately depart from the place, and remain in exile till Pakenham recovers and I can pack him and his wife off to England."

"And what will you do with Miss Keppel?" queried the secretary. "To gether we have made a strange journey to-night, and I would know your plans for her future."

"She shall remain with me till some sutor more worthy than Pakenham asks her in marriage."

The secretary raised Miss Keppel's hand to his lips.

"Will you wait for me till I return?"

"I will wait," and the tears shone in her eyes.

**On a Transatlantic**  
**Liner**  
By PHILIP VERRILL M'GHELS  
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On the transatlantic liner there were two cabin passengers who were neither seafaring nor lovesick, and, as if this in itself were not sufficiently remarkable, Ada was beautiful, clever and young, while Seton was manly, wholesome and wise.

Grown weary of her reading, Ada glanced across the deck. A man there leaned against the rail, smoking. She noted the back of his head, and thought of a boy with whom, on a time, she had played at a game entitled: "Courtship, Marriage and Divorce."

The man, who was Seton, turned about. Then she saw that he was, in very fact, that selfsame boy, expanded and sand-papered off, according to a plan of civilization. Their glances met. He oscillated where he was for a second, and then came leisurely forward, raising his cap in salutation.

"Why, it's Seton Lowe—Mr. Lowe," she said, "I didn't even know you were aboard."

"No, I came a little unexpectedly," he confessed. "I took the trip to avoid my friends."

"Oh; then I trust you will be successful," she answered, somewhat icily.

He made no attempt to reconstruct his observation. They were silent for a moment.

"It's going to be a smooth, tedious trip," he presently stated.

"It looks that way—at present," she agreed.

He glanced at her furtively, after which she abruptly scanned him over with a keener interest.

"You are not alone?" she inquired.

"Practically, yes."

"Why, I thought—I read—wasn't it true? Shouldn't your wedding—"

"Should have come off to-day," he supplied, nonchalantly. "All of it true, so far as it went."

"Oh—Really? . . . Then Miss Schuyler—"

"Exercised her divine prerogative of changing her mind. She is wearing the other man."

"Wearing?"

"Yes. They put us on and off like hats. I trust he will find it wearing."

Ada's eyes glistened, somewhat fiercely. "I have known men who renewed their ties as often as we choose between our hats," she said. "The fact of changing the heart is quite as flippant as that of altering the mind."

"Personal experience is the hot-house of rancor," he told her, "and I am still under glass."

"Well, do you fondly imagine you are all alone in an enjoyment of rancor?"

"My fault-finding is at first hand," he answered, "while yours should be vicarious only, at the utmost."

"Indeed!" she said.

He looked at her sharply and blinked through the smoke of his pipe.

"See here," he blurted, "you were not the Miss Lee Cavendish who was engaged to some fellow from Oxford?"

"You are neither acute nor complimentary, not to know—or to assume so little interest."

"H'm," he mused, "I—I always called you Ada. I never supposed that fellow—"

He glanced at her again, earnestly. "You were always a sensible girl," he observed. "Shall I tell you what I've done?"

"Not if you wish it kept a secret."

"I've joined the Association of Unmitigated Bachelors," he imparted. "I've taken a solemn vow never to ask any maid, girl or woman on earth to become my wife."

She looked at him oddly, her face slightly reddened.

"I've joined myself," she murmured. "Not the bachelors."

"No, the Bachelor Girls. We have each of us taken a grave and reverent obligation never to wed any lad, youth or man who may, can or must ask us to become his wife, mate or partner for life, if we live to be a thousand."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, with frank admiration. "I'm mighty glad to hear it. Ada, we shall get along this voyage delightfully. Let us shake hands."

She placed her dainty hand in his, for a funny little second, and the glance that played between them met on neutral ground.

Of all the unstable, neutral grounds that Fate has yet devised for man's confusion, the sea is perhaps the most conspicuous. For the matter of that, any ground whatsoever, when frequently employed, is perilous to meet upon, especially for people who have protested much against conjugal entanglements.

Ada, however, as the days went by, was confident of her own immunity from danger, and Seton was fortified securely in his own iron mail of determination.

"Wonderful weather we're having after all," he said, pausing at her chair at last, when he had walked the deck by himself for half an hour.

She arose, dropping her rug to the deck. He took it up and adjusted it roughly about her shoulders, as she leaned against the rail and watched the graceful birds as they followed the steamer.

"I love them—the sea gulls," she stated.

"Then love has not been entirely eliminated from your nature?" he ventured.

"Don't be silly, Seton, if you please." "No, I won't. But—I saw a whale

this morning. Do you like whales more or less than you love sea-gulls?"

"Why should I like one or the other more or less?"

"Well—a whale is a mammal—and so is man."

"Man is a beast," she corrected.

"Yes, I suppose he is. And a woman—a woman is a critter."

"Thanks. I was afraid you would call woman either an angel or a mermaid."

"No," he replied, reflectively, "I never took home either feathers or scales, on—on my coat lapel."

"You can actually speak about—that affair, and—love?" She blushed as she nearly missed fire on the final word.

"Why not?" he inquired. "The sea is doing me good. I shall be myself once more in a week."

"And begin to regret your unmitigated bachelor solemnities?"

"Certainly not. I'd like to see the girl who could make me regret such a sensible step."

He looked so deeply into Ada's eyes as he spoke that she saw the whole, some, honest boy she had known so happily, once upon a time. Then he presently added:

"Besides, that's done—and there's an end to it."

Something happened in Ada's feminine mind. She said:

"That sounds exactly like the things you used to say so long ago. Just between our childish calms and storms."

A bright light flashed in his eyes, for a second, to counter the sparkle in hers.

"Ada, there's nothing poetic or reminiscent about me now," he confessed, "but everything feels to me decidedly like spring."

With a nod she conceded he had paid her back. Nevertheless, she ignored his gentle repartee.

"Was it spring the whole year through, when we were two foolish children?" she queried.

"I never thought," he admitted, "but—hang it all—I believe it was."

The sole purpose of making an ocean voyage so protracted is to entrap the innocent passengers into vague little sighs of inconsequent regret when at length it is finally ended.

Both Seton and Ada were apostles of inconsequence.

That final evening they sat on the deck and beheld the moon arise like a red-hot disk from somewhere over the edge. Ada looked at it steadily.

"The poor old thing must take us very seriously," she said, "for look at the wrinkles on her brow."

"I used to think a sillier thing than that—that a lot of rings it would make, cut out, one inside the other."

He was silent for a moment, mentally carving up the unsuspecting planet. Then he observed:

"They would all be plain gold rings."

"Yes, I know. That was part of the idea. I said it was woefully silly."

"Perhaps you thought you would like one of the rings?"

"Perhaps I did," she confessed. "I was very young."

He suppressed a tentative feeling of excitement.

"Of course, you don't wish for anything of the sort any longer?" he inquired, calmly.

"How could I, Mr. Lowe?"

"I was trying to think."

"You were trying to think what?"

"How we could both get out of it. I mean—how I—well, let it go this way I said it first."

She looked at him steadily, and felt herself grow pale and warm alternately.

"Get out of what?" she murmured.

"Ada, w- can't get out of the fact that we love one another, devotedly," he announced with a boldness that took away her breath. "When we used to play, as children, we used to say we loved each other for the courtship, and that we loved each other for the marriage, and then, after the divorce, we made up and said we loved each other again, so as to begin the game all over. So we can't get out of that, now can we? The only question is how to get around our solemn vows to the bachelor associations."

"But—Seton—"

"I know. I've always said you are a sweet, sensible girl. If you advise it, I'll simply break my pledge."

"But I don't advise it. I don't advise anything. I certainly—"

"Don't you love me, sweetheart, just enough to help me out?"

She was silent for a moment. He took her hand. It was trembling, but it lay in his without alarm. He looked in her eyes, and even in the moonlight, saw the answer he needed.

Then finally Seton, pressing his fist to his heart, with all his strength, discovered he was gazing in rapture on the moon. He thought what a beautiful plain gold ring he could cut from the splendor of the disk.

**Plenty of Industry.**  
Mr. Quiller-Couch certainly cannot be accused of lack of industry. It is not very long since he brought out "The Mayor of Troy;" he has two serial novels running in magazines; he is preparing to publish a collection of verses and little essays under the title of "A Cornish Window," and he is at work on a school history of English literature arranged on a plan of his own.

**Webfoot Humility.**  
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy east has a temperature varying from 4 to 26 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.







**THE HERALD.**  
MINIATURE ALMANAC  
JUNE 13.  
SUN RISES 4:57 MOON RISES 10:04 A. M.  
SUN SETS 8:22 MOON SETS 4:15 A. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY 15:11 FULL MOON 25:00 P. M.  
Last Quarter, June 12th, 2h. 34m., evening, W.  
New Moon, June 21st, 6h. 40m., evening, W.  
First Quarter, June 28th, 2h. 10m., morning, W.  
Full Moon, July 5th, 11h. 20m., evening, W.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1906.

**THE TEMPERATURE**

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered seventy-eight degrees above zero.

**LOCAL DASHES**

Flag day tomorrow.  
June is nearly half gone.  
The first roses have been reported.  
Seashore cottages are being opened.  
The Tucker case has passed into history.  
The city bathhouse is still in the dry dock.  
Trolley car patronage is steadily increasing.  
Lobsters are more plentiful than they were.  
Baseball teams are multiplying in this vicinity.  
June has brought a few very nearly perfect days.  
At last, the Porter statue is really to be dedicated.  
The Marine baseball club is anxious for games.  
Kittery Point's fishing fleet is by no means unimportant.  
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.  
Motor boat owners are planning to settle the speed supremacy.  
The Summer maiden has stepped upon the stage and made her bow.  
The first motor boat race of the season is promised us for this week.  
The first guests have arrived at some of the Summer hotels in this vicinity.  
The flags won't have to be displayed at half mast any part of tomorrow.  
We frequently hear from those who visited Portsmouth during the peace conference.  
There are automobile owners enough in this city to make a powerful club.  
We frequently hear from those who visited Portsmouth during the peace conference.  
Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters has an all day outing at Wallis Sands today.  
Portsmouth must celebrate the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth.

There will be plenty of spectators Saturday when the Roy trial is resumed in Kittery.  
The motor boat fleet of the Portsmouth Yacht Club has assumed unexpected propositions.  
Wanted—A boy to learn crockery business. High School boy preferred. Apply at Alkon's.  
The output of cucumbers from the greenhouses of the neighboring town of Greenland has been large.  
Funeral services over the body of Bishop Delany will be held tomorrow forenoon at ten-thirty o'clock.  
The secret societies which moved from Red Men's Hall are holding their first meetings in the new quarters in Freeman's block.  
Country merchants are often heard to complain of the ruthless competition of the large mail order houses. If the country merchant would advertise, comparatively, as much as do the mail order houses he might have no further cause for complaint. Like all others, he would find The Herald Portsmouth's best advertising medium.

**MARRIED IN NASHUA**

Chester A. Brackett of this city was married in Nashua on Tuesday at the residence there of George W. Bodwell to Miss Martha W. Paige of Methuen, Mass. Rev. Cyrus W. Richardson performed the ceremony. A number of friends were present and the house was prettily decorated.

**OBSEQUIES**

Funeral services over the body of Wallace Stanley Jackson were held on Tuesday afternoon at his home in Kittery. Rev. Edward H. Macy officiated and delegations from Naval Lodge of Masons and Riverside Lodge of Odd Fellows held services at the grave in Orchard Grove cemetery.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION**  
**Of Many Interested People Of Portsmouth**

**REGARDING DATE OF THE PORTER STATUE DEDICATION**

Much discussion has been provoked by the decision of the Porter statue committee to hold the dedication exercises of the equestrian statue in Haven Park on a Sunday. A great many people have asked why some other day than the Sabbath was not selected. The answer to the question may be found in the Eddy will.  
In his last testament, Mr. Eddy excepts from several bequests "the sum of \$30,000, which I hereby give and devise to the city of Portsmouth in the state of New Hampshire, to be devoted to the procurement and erection of a bronze equestrian statue (inclusive of a suitable stone or granite pedestal therefore) of General Fitz-John Porter, who was born in said Portsmouth on or about the thirty-first day of August, 1822, and who as a major-general of United States volunteers and an officer and colonel in the regular army of the United States greatly distinguished himself in the War of the Rebellion; it being my will that said statue shall be erected on Market square or some other conspicuous place in the said city and that it shall be considered as a present or gift from myself and my wife to her native city and that the dedication of said statue shall be on some anniversary of the battle of Malvern Hill in Virginia, which took place on July 1st, 1862, the gaining of such battle being greatly due to the genius, energy and bravery of said Porter."  
From the foregoing, it is evident that if the statue is to be dedicated this year it must be on Sunday, as July 1 falls on that day.

**FULL NAVAL HONORS**

**At The Burial of Lieut. Comdr. Charles Wurts Tracy, U. S. N.**

The body of Lieut. Comdr. Charles Wurts Tracy, U. S. N., arrived in this city on the 2.45 train this (Wednesday) afternoon. It was met at the railroad station by the Naval band and a marine guard from the navy yard and escorted to the grave in the family plot in Harmony Grove cemetery, the band playing a dirge.  
The burial was with full naval honors.  
With the marine guard were officers from the navy yard.  
The funeral of Comdr. Tracy was held this (Wednesday) morning at half-past nine from the family home on Englewood avenue, Brookline.  
The propeller of the collier Hannibal is being removed in the dry dock to allow repairs to the shaft bearings.

**NEW QUARTERS SECURED**

**For Meetings of The Jewish People Of The City**

Good Templars' Hall on Penhallow street, for some time used as a meeting place by the Jewish people of this city, has been vacated by them.  
They have leased instead a hall on State street over the furniture store of Joseph Polimer. Extensive repairs will be made and various modern improvements will be installed.  
In future, all religious meetings of the Jewish people of Portsmouth will be held in the new hall, as well as meetings of the society known as the Temple of Israel.

**GUESTS OF MRS. TOWLE**

Members of Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters at Wallis Sands.

Members of Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters of the Middle Street Baptist Church are today (Wednesday) guests of Mrs. F. S. Towle at her cottage at Wallis Sands.  
The party left Portsmouth at nine o'clock in the forenoon and will return late in the evening. Every member of Golden Rule Circle had the privilege of inviting a friend.  
Dinner was served at noon and supper will also be enjoyed at the beach.

**SOLD ON PRIVATE TERMS**

A tract of land adjoining the grounds of the Portsmouth Country Club known as Farm Heights has

been sold to Elijah B. Woodworth of Cambridge, Mass., as trustee for himself and Lorenzo S. Leavitt of Boston and Joseph S. G. Sweat of Medford, by Charles W. Channell of this city on private terms. The tract comprises about nine and one-half acres with a frontage on Greenland road of 688 feet and on Sherburne road of 1106 feet. It is laid out with four streets, Burghardt, Bishop, Benham and Channell.

**COMPLICATIONS POSSIBLE**

As a Result of Unexpected Return of Mahlon B. Clough

Mahlon B. Clough, who returned to East Kingston on Monday after an absence of twenty-five years, may be responsible for some complications.  
He was supposed to be dead and his wife, until her own death, drew a pension. Clough enlisted as a private in the Fifth New Hampshire regiment and became a first lieutenant. His brother, Leroy Clough, who was killed several years ago by a fall from a haymow, left property part of which fell to the children of Mahlon B. Clough. Whether this property can be recovered by the returned man is a question of some interest.

**CALL CAPTAIN**

He Will Lead the High School Football Team Next Fall

William Call was today (Wednesday) elected captain of the Portsmouth High School football team for the next season, in place of Allen R. Edwards, who has resigned to enter West Point in the Fall.  
Call has played quarterback on the eleven for two seasons and is one of the best players who has represented the school in recent years.

**AT THE NAVY YARD**

The peace tablet in the hands of a New York firm, which long ago was due here, has not been heard from since its return from this yard to the firm which is to complete it.  
The extensive repairs on the administration building should certainly make the desired changes both inside and out. No old building on the reservation has received so much attention as this during the past year.

The South End boat crews are again talking of racing and it is hoped that something more than a spurt across the river will result.  
The old wooden dry dock still stands in the basin with no prospect of its being immediately put to use.  
The first prisoner to arrive here for the Southern for over a month came today (Wednesday).

Letters received at the yard today (Wednesday) state that Frank W. Wearin, the newly appointed master machinist of the steam engineering department, will report on June 25.  
Rear Admiral W. W. Mead has returned from the court martial hearing on the case of Capt. Perry Garst, held on the U. S. S. Rhode Island in Hampton Roads.  
The propeller of the collier Hannibal is being removed in the dry dock to allow repairs to the shaft bearings.

**MADE EIGHT ERRORS**

Frank Newick pitched for the Holy Name baseball team of Portland against the famous Brockton Walkovers on Tuesday and lost, eight to two. The team behind Frank made eight errors.

**MOQUIN PARDONED**

The Governor, following the advice of the council, on Tuesday pardoned Belonic Moquin of Manchester, after a year in state prison. Moquin was serving a term of from two to five years for assault with intent to kill.  
One cannot be quite sure until time has tried them. We "underwrite," as an insurance company would say, every piano sold, by 60 years of experience in piano building. You take no risk when you buy an

**Of Friends and Pianos**  
One cannot be quite sure until time has tried them. We "underwrite," as an insurance company would say, every piano sold, by 60 years of experience in piano building. You take no risk when you buy an  
**EMERSON PIANO**  
It not only has beauty of case and the quality of tone that a musician cares for, but its good qualities are of the lasting kind. The honesty of an Emerson begins with the varnish and goes straight through to the iron plate.  
Send for illustrated catalogue and explanation of our easy time system of payments. Wherever you live we deliver free of expense.  
**H. P. Montgomery,**  
6 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office  
(Business Established 1865.)

**POLITICAL INSPIRATION**  
**Evident In The Letters And Speeches**

**OF MEN PROFESSING MORAL SENTIMENTS**

A careful reading of some of the alleged letters and speeches of the people who profess to represent the moral sentiment of New Hampshire proves conclusively that the writers and speakers are inspired entirely by political considerations.  
Even though claiming to occupy the highest moral ground, they cannot refrain from misstating the facts. Fortunately, these self-appointed guardians of the state's morals cannot discredit such men as Charles H. Greenleaf. They will realize later that they have made a serious mistake in their plan of campaign.  
The Herald has never, either in city or state, attempted to dictate nominations. It has contented itself with giving loyal support to the Republican nominees. It does feel in this instance, however, that the attempts of a few shysters to belittle and injure a gentleman of the honesty and high character of Charles H. Greenleaf are cowardly.  
The attacks made upon Mr. Greenleaf but reflect the character of a few men in Rockingham county who are conducting the campaign against him.

**GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL**

**Think Twenty Will Be Sufficient For Launching Party**

Concord, June 13.—Dr. E. H. Currier of Manchester was reappointed a member of the state pharmacy commission, at the meeting of the Governor and council at Concord on Tuesday.  
Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester was reappointed a member of the state board of charities and corrections.  
Chester B. Hatch was appointed a member of the police commission of Exeter, succeeding the late George A. Wentworth.  
While no official action was taken in regard to the launching of the battleship New Hampshire at Camden, N. J., June 30, there was an informal discussion of the subject. The New Hampshire party to attend the event will be limited to twenty persons, at the suggestion of the ship's builders, and its membership has not yet been made up.

**ARRANGING FOR TRANSPORTATION**

Kenneth A. Stuart, formerly employed here at the plant of the Keeler Pipe Company, now with the same firm at Williamsport, Pa., is in town for a few days arranging for the transportation of forty-two pieces of large water pipe alongside the Portsmouth and Dover railroad tracks to Detroit and Williamsport. The pipe was set out for the former White Mountain Paper Company.

**HIBERNIANS' REPRESENTATIVES**

John Leary, state treasurer, George P. Scott and Edmund Quirk have been selected as representatives of Division 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, to attend the funeral of Bishop Delany on Thursday.

**HOSPITAL CAR WENT THROUGH**

The Boston and Maine hospital car, No. 111, passed through here on Tuesday on the way to York Beach.

**Exhibition Sale of Muslin Underwear**

The Home Made Muslin Underwear is recognized to be of superior texture and finish. We are pleased to offer our customers this opportunity

- White Silk and Lisle Hose
- White Kid and Silk Gloves
- White Ribbons
- White Fans
- Laces and Embroideries

**Paris and Swiss Organdie and Muslin**

These are goods that have proved to be very satisfactory. We recommend them for Graduation Gowns.

THE  
**D. F. BORTHWICK**  
STORE.

**PERSONALS**

Sheriff Marcus M. Collis passed Tuesday in Exeter.  
William R. Dearborn is in Boston today (Wednesday) on business.  
Miss Editha Bosworth of New York city is visiting relatives in this city.  
County Commissioner Ceylon Spinney was in Exeter on Tuesday on business.  
General Manager W. G. Meloon of the P. D. and Y. St. Ry. passed Tuesday in Boston.  
Dr. John J. Berry returned on Tuesday night from a fishing trip to the Rangeley Lakes.  
Frank Young, a well known shoemaker of this city, has taken a position with a Dover firm.  
Arthur S. Johnson has secured a position in Beverly, Mass., and will remove his family from this city.  
Miss Janet Delano left today (Wednesday) for Malden, Mass., where she will visit her grandmother, Mrs. M. N. Cobb.  
Prof. D. F. Shea of the University of Washington is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Junkins. He will pass the Summer in this city.  
The condition of Sylvester Frizzell, who suffered a serious injury to one eye on Saturday, is encouraging. The sight of the eye may be saved.  
Augustus Frohman of New York, brother of Charles Frohman the famous theatrical manager, is at Wallis Sands with his family for the Summer.  
Mrs. Margaret A. Norton announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Grace Adelaide Norton, to Mr. J. H. Hudson McIntire of York.  
Daniel J. Pickering of the staff of the Worcester Telegram, Worcester, Mass., is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. S. F. A. Pickering of Pleasant street.  
Miss Bessie Lucas, who has been employed in the office of the Singer Sewing Machine Company here, has taken a position with the same company in Lynn, Mass.  
Rev. Fr. William J. Cavanaugh was called to Manchester today (Wednesday) by a telegram from Rt. Rev. Mgr. E. M. O'Callaghan announcing that final arrangements for the funeral of Bishop John B. Delany were to be made this afternoon.  
Walter James, a native of Portsmouth, and a graduate of the School of Technology, Boston, where he is now an instructor, and Charles D. Matthews of this city, a student at the State college at Durham, left on Tuesday morning for a ten days' carriage drive through the White Mountains.

**CASINO TO OPEN**

On June 17, the Empire Moving Picture Company will open an engagement of indefinite length at Hampton Beach Casino. There will be a change of program weekly and the management promises some of the finest exhibitions of motion photography ever seen in this section, with the latest and most sensational films.

**MEMBER OF YACHT CLUB**

Woodbury Langdon of New York, who is now at his Summer home on Pleasant street, has become a member of the Portsmouth Yacht Club. He will soon put a fast motor boat in commission on the river.

**AT FAY'S BIG STORE**

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.  
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.  
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices  
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.  
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.  
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.  
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

**W. H. FAY,**  
3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

**LAWN MOWERS**

Grass Seed, Wheelbarrows.

**A. P. Wendell & Co.**  
2 Market Street.

**A. O. Caswell, Bottler.**  
12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:  
Eldredge's Iilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.  
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.  
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Hal Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.  
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)  
Ales, Lager and Porter by the ¼ keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.  
**PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.**

**THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR**  
At L. D. Britton's Express Office.  
TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woolens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place,  
22 Daniel St. L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth